Nath. *Me hercle*, If their ſonnes be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow. M. *Perſon.*

Nath. Maſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clow. Marry M. Shoolemaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſtre of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile precor gleida, quando peccas omnia ſub vmbra ruminat*, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice*, *vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perroche.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and verie learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanze, a verſe, *Lege Domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, That Art would comprehend,
If knowledge be the Marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome prayſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, O pardon Loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped.

Ped. You finde not the Apoſtrophas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facilitie, and golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ouidius Naſo* was the man. And why indeede *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitaries is nothing: ſo doth the Hound his Maſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaqu. I ſir, from one Mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſuperſcript.

To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.

Your Ladiſhips it all deſired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me:
Sir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith.

Ped. Sir tell me not of the Father, I doe feare colourable colors. But to return to the verſes, did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel*?

Nat. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foreſaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither ſauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beſeech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) is the happineſſe of life.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.47) Octavo